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"ME AND JACK."

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EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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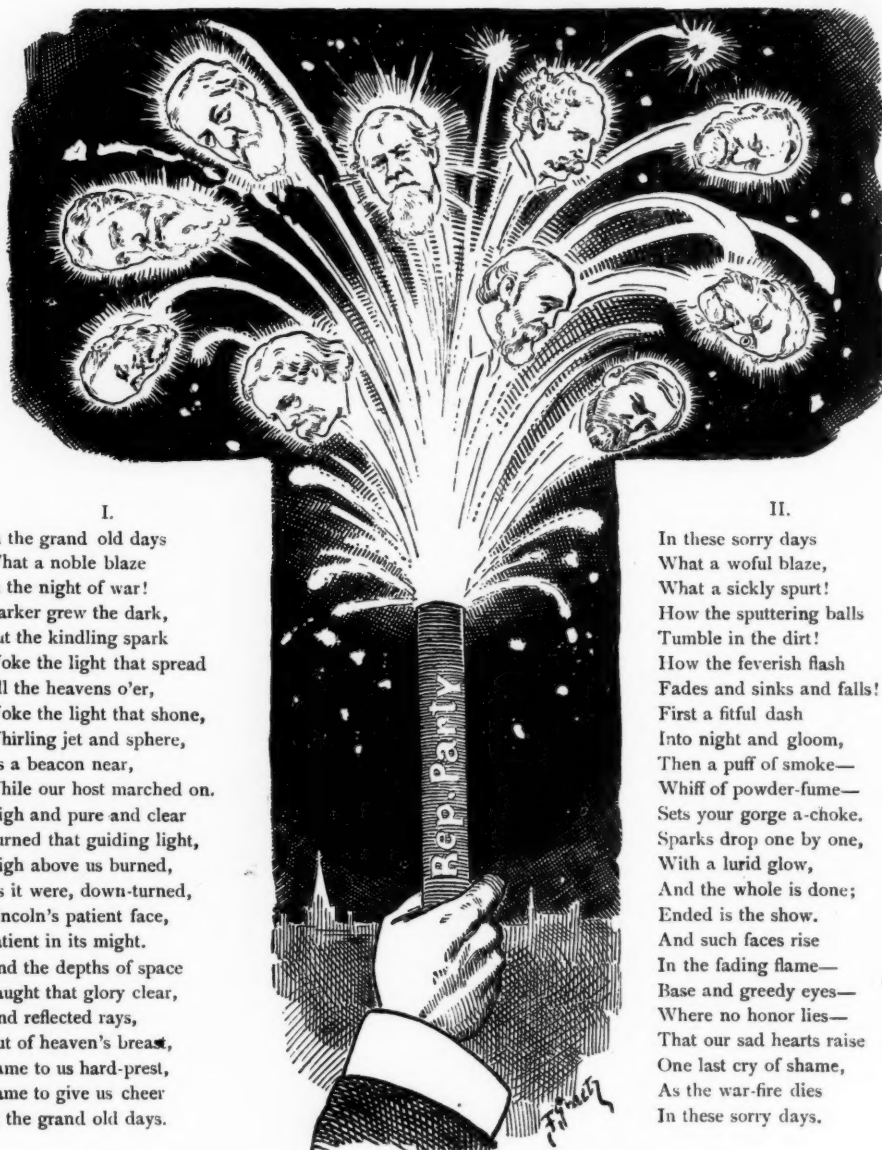
CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

There is one thing certain. If Grover Cleveland is nominated for the Presidency, the Democrats will have the nicest set of men at the polls, next November, that they have seen in a good twenty-five years. And the fine old Bourbon Democracy may well afford to smile superior, in that hour, to blaniac jeers. Their new colleagues may be "dudes" and "Pharisees"; but even one who is a dude, and moreover a Pharisee, hath he not a vote, like unto other men? Verily, there is no ridicule, no jeer, no scoff, no fling, no merry jest that availeth aught against the solid argument of the vote that is cast. Dudes and Pharisees though they be, their votes have a solid Bourbon value. Other considerations apart, we should like to see Cleveland nominated, if only to note the manners of the Democrats on receiving into their family party the protesting pick of the Republicans. It would be a pure joy to watch the sturdy Jeffersonians making a hospitable attempt to put on a few unwonted elegances and graces, to make their allies "feel at home." But there is a strong chance that we shall have to deny ourselves this pleasure.

Hunger sharpens all wits but Democratic wits. After twenty-five years of tantalizing deprivation of the good things of office, they have now the chance to establish themselves in the comfortable place of the Republicans under circumstances that will make it very difficult to oust them. If they elect their President in November, they will elect him because a great number of Republicans have risen in open revolt against the corruption and tyranny of their own party as it is now governed. These Republicans—would it were possible to beat the idea into Democratic brains!—do not belong to the class which, within the ranks of Jefferson, mainly causes trouble by its independence. Their secession is not at all the same thing as the act of secession when performed by Mr. John Kelly and his merry men. A Tammany Hall secession means simply the preservation of the Tammany Hall equilibrium by the shifting of a certain body of men to balance the transfer of a certain amount of money.

But the Democrat is respectfully invited to note a delicate distinction between the respective cases of Tammany and the Independent Republicans. It is indeed so fine a distinction that many Democrats will refuse to consider it at all. Yet we assure them that we are not hair-splitting, nor yet straining the simple truth when we point out to them that they can not use men who come into their ranks as temporary allies, moved by principle alone, as they can use those who come to them on the simple basis of barter and sale. If Tammany's block of voters is once properly secured, it matters very little to Tammany what candidate its purchaser may put up. Tammany, certain that its price will be paid, is perfectly willing that the people should

THE LAST EXPIRING SPURT OF THE REPUBLICAN ROMAN-CANDLE.



I.
In the grand old days
What a noble blaze
In the night of war!
Darker grew the dark,
But the kindling spark
Woke the light that spread
All the heavens o'er,
Woke the light that shone,
Whirling jet and sphere,
As a beacon near,
While our host marched on.
High and pure and clear
Burned that guiding light,
High above us burned,
As it were, down-turned,
Lincoln's patient face,
Patient in its might.
And the depths of space
Caught that glory clear,
And reflected rays,
Out of heaven's breast,
Came to us hard-pressed,
Came to give us cheer
In the grand old days.

II.
In these sorry days
What a woful blaze,
What a sickly spurt!
How the sputtering balls
Tumble in the dirt!
How the feverish flash
Fades and sinks and falls!
First a fitful dash
Into night and gloom,
Then a puff of smoke—
Whiff of powder-fume—
Sets your gorge a-choke.
Sparks drop one by one,
With a lurid glow,
And the whole is done;
Ended is the show.
And such faces rise
In the fading flame—
Base and greedy eyes—
Where no honor lies—
That our sad hearts raise
One last cry of shame,
As the war-fire dies
In these sorry days.

amuse themselves by thinking they are electing the unobjectionable man who is nominated by the party, and who will be delivered over to Mr. Kelly as soon as he begins his term of office. Or you may put up a bad candidate. It is all the same to Tammany. It takes a great deal to turn the Tammany stomach; and it takes very little whiskey to fire the Tammany soul; and when "the boys" are ordered to hurrah, much it is they care whose name soars from their strident throats. They know well that they are hurrahing for Mr. John Kelly and their own pockets. Consequently, the deal once made, the price once agreed to and payment guaranteed, there is little need of consulting Tammany's private feelings. But, O dearly-beloved brethren in the Democratic ranks, don't go away with the idea that you can treat in similar cavalier fashion the dissatisfied, insulted Republicans who look to you for salvation from the disgrace which the election of Blaine would bring upon them!

It was not money nor the hope of money that set them where they are now. It was not a miserable sectional jealousy. It was not prejudice. It was not self-seeking of any sort. They left the Republican Party because they could not honorably lend it aid. They will give you help if they can honorably do it. But they will not step one inch toward you if you ask them to fight for a man who is as objectionable to them as the man whom the unthinking majority of their party has forced upon them. These are not an organized horde, to be sold and handed over in a lump; even if their leaders were purchasable, they themselves would act individually as they are now acting in a body. In fact, their case is only analogous to that of Tammany in so far as Tammany's is analogous to that of the mule. They can kick. And, dear Democrats, they will kick against the nomination of a bad Democrat—as readily as though he were a bad Republican.

"THE SOUL OF BLAINE."

"A shrill yell as of thousands of wild animals went through the hall **** It was the soul of Blaine abroad among the people."—*N. Y. Tribune*, June 6th, 1884.

No. 13 SYCAMORE ST., }
CINCINNATI, June 23rd, 1884. }

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

As a reader and admirer of your paper from its first number, I presume on old acquaintanceship to express my disapproval of your persistent efforts to disparage the Chicago nominations of Blaine and Logan. You are doing yourself and the Republican cause—especially yourself—all the damage you can, as you will speedily find out by your decreased circulation. You are "barking up the wrong tree," and the sooner you stop it the better it will be for you. This is disinterested advice. Of course advice unsolicited is oftentimes unpalatable and rarely followed; but I give you this for what it is worth, and look for no reward; but should be pleased if its effect should be shown in changing your present very distasteful course. Whatever the efforts of PUCK, the *New York Times*, *Harper's Weekly* and other "obstructionist" sheets may be, the ultimate results, I venture to predict, will be the same, viz., the overwhelming victory of the ticket nominated at Chicago. Therefore "git in out of the wet" as soon and as gracefully as you can.

V. C. BRADBURY.

P. S.—The balance of political power shifts with the westward movement of the centre of population, and the largely increasing number of inhabitants in the West, especially the newly-fledged native voters, are nearly all Republican.

Mr. Bradbury—Dear Sir:

If the funeral suits you, why don't you let the procession pass on? If we are going toward the dark and silent grave with all our sins heavy on our head, the least you can do is to let the glittering cortège move on at a level trot.

Is it your corpse, Mr. Bradbury? May we not do as we please with our own remains? If you are jealous of our success as a funeral, go away and fume by yourself. Nobody will interfere with you.

We don't quite understand your attitude, Bradbury. We hope you don't mind our calling you Bradbury. It is a little familiar; but we like to be easy and comfortable with a friendly citizen like you, who drops in on us, as it were, to tell us how to run our own business. You don't mind Bradbury, just plain like that, do you?

Well, then, Brad, we don't understand your attitude. If we are going to kill ourselves by

opposing your candidates, why don't you encourage us in our suicidal intent? That's just what you want, isn't it? We ought to be suiting you right down to the ground.

It seems to us, Brad, that you are impolitic. There is a flaw in your logic. Your mental processes have got into a tangle, or somebody has "chawed" them, as small boys say when they tie knots in the clothes of their fellow-swimmers.

If we are helping Mr. Blaine's cause, why don't you let us go on and help? Why do you give away a piece of information that may put us up to depriving your virtuous candidate of a great deal of valuable assistance? If we were a mean paper, we might take advantage of what you have told us, and then Mr. Blaine would suffer, being deprived of the support of our opposition.

But we will not, Brad. There is nothing mean about us. We are helping Mr. Blaine by our present course, are we? Delighted to hear it. No, don't stop to thank us yet. Wait till we get through. Bless your soul, we haven't begun yet. If this is the kind of course that does Mr. Blaine good, he has a great future before him, for he is going to get plenty more of just that very identical course. Why, Brad, we haven't got fairly awake yet. When we get warmed up, we shall be able to make ourselves really serviceable to your candidate if this sort of thing is the sort of thing that he wants. If your candidate is honing after support of this style he can have it, in quantities to suit, by applying at this office.

We have an idea, Brad—we must call you Brad once more, before we take leave of you—we have an idea, Brad, that your solicitude about stopping this funeral arises solely from the fact that you foresee that we are going to prove a pretty lively corpse.

THE CHEMIST is happy. He hasn't time to sleep nights, so busy is he extracting the pure essence of lemon, orange, strawberry and other delicious fruits from coal-tar for the soda-water fountain. And the fruit-grower, who has the real thing, feels blue because he can't sell it at a paying price. 'This is how Nature gets left, sometimes.

Puckerings.



I'VE BEEN to the Coney races,
And have n't got a red,
Because I put my shekels
On the wrong quadruped.

I feel like one deserted,
I feel morose and glum;
I feel that my shining silker 's
Too small for my cranium.

Oh, why did I bet on "Sygzardi"
Oh, why did I think him fast?
Oh, why did I bet on the racer
That came in the very last?

This Summer I sha'n't know Newport,
And Newport shall not know me;
For I lost on one race the shekels
I had saved for the sounding sea.

We can't go e'en to the farm-house,
Where the bird in the lilac toots,
Where the cream on the milk is painted,
And the steak 's as tough as your boots.

Where the coffee 's as weak as the weakest
Of weak Sunday-school lemonade,
Where Phyllis is large and freckled,
And drives the bull through the glade.

We've got to stay in the city,
And suffer, swelter and roast—
Ah, not for me the mountain,
Or the fresh and breezy coast.

For I've been to the Coney races,
And have n't got a red;
Oh, why did I put my shekels
On the wrong quadruped?

POLICE AFFAIRS—Area-ways.

IT MAY be only recklessness, and not true bravery, the way he handles that big fire-cracker—but, do you know, that sort of thing is apt to show what a boy is made of?

THE LATEST boarder in an up-town establishment recently offended his landlady by pointing at the fish-balls and asking the waiter to pass him another hand-grenade.

WHILE WAVE the banners in the sky
That echo shout and shot,
Bring forth the soothing arnica
And grease the patriot.

WHAT IS a bolt, eh? Well, now, we think you ought to know that a bolt is an article that is used to fasten a door. Example: The Blaine Bolt—A bolt to fasten the gate of the White House, to keep the Plumed Knight from getting in.

THE BOY who lies in bed until he is called six times will get up at five o'clock without being called at all, to fire off his pistol under the window of his companion to wake him up. But before he is out of bed his companion has performed a like duty for him, and at the blowing of the six o'clock factory-whistle they have fired off a pound of powder between them, and are as black as Africans and as happy as kings.

WHAT THE COUNTRY NEEDS AT PRESENT—



SOMETHING TO ENABLE LADIES TO SEE IF THEIR HUSBANDS ARE IN THE CORNER-SALOONS OR NOT.

UPON THE CHOICE OF A FATHER-IN-LAW.

Somebody has said that to every one comes at least one great opportunity in life. That opportunity, to the majority of the sterner sex, is undoubtedly the choice of a father-in-law.

The time at which this great and important choice is commonly made is most unpropitious. If it could be deferred until the true value of fathers-in-law had been learned by experience, how vastly different would be the circumstances of a great majority of married men!

But there is always, at the early period when custom and inclination prompt to the choice, more or less of a disturbing and embarrassing element which enters into the transaction. This disturbing element is usually in the shape of a young person with uncommonly bright eyes, a sweet, kissable mouth, considerable natural hair, and a few other innocent attractions which impart to her an aspect of great marketable value. The young man who is about to exercise the fairy gift of choice—a gift, once exercised, to be forfeited for ever—beholds, admires, desires. He forgets the condition upon which he holds his golden opportunity, and at the slightest provocation selects his father-in-law at random, for the sake of gratifying the evanescent romance of love.

A few years later, how he longs to have the privilege of choice restored! Love is well enough, but it does not bring potatoes into his cellar, nor clothes into his wardrobe. He wonders how he could have been so short-sighted as to have chosen a father-in-law upon so slight acquaintance. But it is too late now. The deed is done; the wish is wished; the fairy has flown, and he must be content with what his wish has brought him. The trouble is that he did not properly realize his opportunity. He chose his father-in-law under the impression that fathers-in-law were of very little consequence, anyway, and that daughters were the chief things to be desired in this world. He sees his mistake, and will instruct his sons accordingly.

But even when a young man sees the real value of a father-in-law, and makes him the chief object of his youthful desire, and studies him as closely as a girl studies a mole in the glass, he sometimes finds himself very badly left when the returns come in. The fact is, fathers-in-law are very slippery fish to catch. Now and then one allows himself to be hooked and played, and finally landed and dished up on the table of matrimonial speculation; but, for the most part, they are tricky old fellows, who can see to the surface of the water when it doesn't rain, and can almost always tell a fence-post from a fisherman.

They delight immensely in getting hold of the harmless part of the bait, and giving tremendous twitches, and hanging on till the poor angler is almost tired out, and then, at the last moment, letting go and scooting out into the weeds to laugh. Even after you catch your father-in-law you haven't always got him. There's many a slip between the river and the frying-pan; and perhaps, even after you get your fish cooked, you will choke to death trying to eat him.

I have seen fathers-in-law whom I should have pronounced decidedly eligible—nice, innocent, thick-headed, affectionate old fellows, apparently; but when they once get their daughters off their hands you might as well try to squeeze buttermilk out of a stove. And there you are. You have wished your wish, and you wish you hadn't. You wished for a lift, and you got a burden. What are you going to do about it? Grin, my son—grin and bear it.

After all, when you come right down to the point, it takes about as much ability—and involves a good deal more risk—to choose successfully a father-in-law as to build up a success-

ful business. There are some few rules, however, bearing upon the subject, which ought to be pasted in the hat of every young man. And I do not know how I can more gracefully bring this disquisition to a close than by subjoining the same:

RULES GOVERNING THE CHOICE AND CAPTURE OF A FATHER-IN-LAW.

- 1.—He must be rich and good-natured.
- 2.—You must be deserving—(that is, he must think you are).
- 3.—Don't be rash. Make haste as slowly as possible.
- 4.—Be sure that you pitch on the girl whom he thinks the most of.
- 5.—Love her devotedly. (You can do this by allowing her to personify her portion).
- 6.—As soon as you get married, go and set up in a house of your own, if you haven't a cent to your name.
- 7.—Never lisp one word about getting any help from the old gentleman.
- 8.—Burn all your bills. Tear around and make bigger ones than ever.
- 9.—Send little tokens of affection to pa now and then. Not flowers! Beware of them. Send things to eat, etc. (Grown in your "garden," or on your "farm.")
- 10.—Accept his first offer of business assistance with great reluctance. But accept.
- 11.—Draw on the old gentleman very mildly at first. Beg his advice. Let him invest for you.

* * *

12.—Go ahead. You are all right.

PAUL PASTNOR.

THE BOSTON *Post* states that the refrain of the latest Republican campaign song is: "We will follow where the white plume waves," and adds that it will not be the first time that fools have rushed in where angels feared to tread. While we believe that fools repeat for the man for whom angels would fear to vote, we would suggest for a good substantial Republican campaign song: "Jimmy's Knees are Getting Shaky."

EX-SPEAKER KEIFER has written a letter declining a nomination to Congress. It is now in order for Colonel John A. Joyce to refuse to become a candidate for the Presidency.

IT USED to be said, when a man happened to be left out in the cold, that his name was Dennis. After November it should be changed to "His name is Mulligan."

ANOTHER OVERCROWDED PROFESSION.

Many parents ask: "What shall we do with our boys?" It is not surprising that they should feel puzzled how to dispose of them. We have a piece of advice to offer. Don't make them millionaires on any account. It is an overcrowded profession, and one in which there is not even room on the top. Hard as young doctors, young lawyers, young engineers find it to earn enough money to pay for having their hair cut and their boots blacked, it is nothing to the hardships that the young millionaire will have to go through in his endeavor to take any position in the calling. To acquire any distinction is almost impossible, as has been proved by the recent collapse of so many in the profession that fond and indulgent parents have chosen for them.

It is high time to look out for other businesses or trades for young men in which there may be some remote chance of their being able to get a living.

The difficulty is, that while the path of the young millionaire, after he has received his diploma, seems broad and hopeful, and he may achieve at first a fair measure of success, he can never be sure of retaining his practice. In a moment it may be swept away.

Let us take a look at the present condition of some of those who but a short time ago were acknowledged to be at the head of the profession.

There was no more favorite practitioner than Mr. Keene, and yet he is scarcely mentioned now. Then Mr. Villard succumbed, although the practice that he enjoyed was viewed with envy by all other millionaires. Take, too, the case of Commodore Garrison. No man was considered more skillful in his specialty. What William M. Evarts is to law, Commodore Garrison was to finance; and yet he is now hopelessly stranded.

With such examples before us, the folly of studying with a view of becoming a millionaire is apparent. There is no room for anybody at present. The business has been overdone. Let young men pursue the profession of politics, or bar-tending, or car-driving, or peanut-selling instead. They will find it more profitable in the end, and will be certain of gaining the respect of the community.

At the same time, we have no idea that our advice will be taken. Our colleges will still continue to graduate classes of young millionaires, who will make desperate efforts to get a living by their profession; but they will be unable to do it. Even those who are now at the top of the tree the public has no use for.

A STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

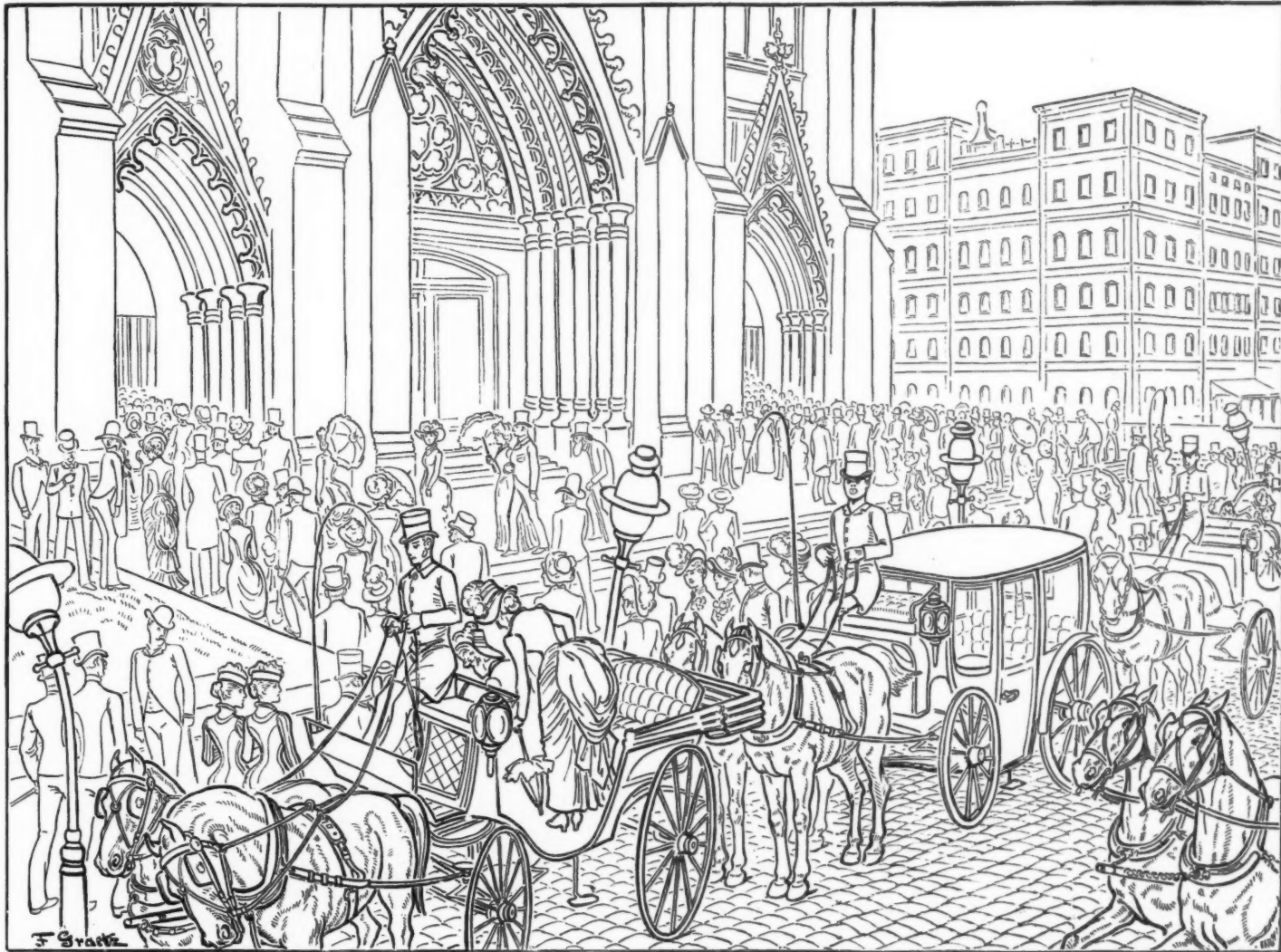


"Bedad, yons boys listen t' wat Oi'm tellin' yez—that gawt is that dainty in his food an' that quiet an' pace-able in his ways that Oi—"



"Give me hould of the airthquake where Oi can wrastle wid it, wull ye!"

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—NO. XVIII.



RELIGION'S LAST FLUTTER.—AN EARLY SUMMER SUNDAY ON FIFTH AVENUE.

POLITICS OF A YOUNG AMERICAN.

I.

[Respectfully Dedicated to Mr. Charles Nordhoff.]

My dear Pop:

When I was sixteen, you played it pretty low down on me with some gilt-edged moral letters, in a red-black-and-blue binding, price 75 cents. Now I think I can give you a few points!

I will accordingly instruct you as to the political knowledge which every American ought to possess, if he wants to run for President. It's a large subject, as you observed; but I'll cut it short.

The United States is a nation; it are not a confederacy. Singular, but true!

The United States is composed of three parts and two parties.

The Executive part is the President. The business of the President is to get nominated for a second term, if he can.

The Legislative part is Congress. Congress consists of two Houses. The Senate is composed of men who get rich and go to Washington. The House of Representatives is composed of men who go to Washington and get rich. The business of each House is to prevent legislation by the other.

There is also a Third House. This makes the laws.

The Judicial part is the Supreme Court. It is so called because it is supremer than the Constitution. The Supreme Court is composed of a Bench and a Bar. On the Bench are a

Chief Justice and Dissenting Judges. Their business is to sit down on the Constitution. At the Bar are W. M. Evarts and others.

P. S.—The Judicial part makes the judicious griever.

All power resides in the people; that is, the people who boss Conventions.

The two parties are the Republican Party and the Democratic Party. A Republican is one who is not a Democrat. A Democrat is one who is not a Republican.

B. F. Butler is another party—in fact, several.

Both parties have Platforms. Platforms are made of planks. Planks are made of words. They are generally rotten, so that politicians may crawl through easy. Platforms are built to hide under. They are taken down immediately after election.

Both parties should also have Principles. The Principle of the Democratic Party is Samuel J. Tilden. The Republican Party used to have several principles; but now it has James G. Blaine. Also a Vice.

There are also kickers. A kicker is a mugwump. What a mugwump is I will tell you in letter LXIst, if I find out in time.

Yours truly,

WALTER.

AN EPITAPH.

He played "Sweet Violets" with zest
Upon his red harmonica;
The breeze now waves above his breast
The purple-hued japonica.

WE THOUGHT SO.

NEW YORK, June 28th, 1884.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I see in your last issue a patent granted to one Lum for an improved gibe on the words "Chill Blaine." That patent was improvidently issued by reason of inadvertence, accident or mistake, because I, and not Lum, invented that gibe. I discovered it just after I found out etheric force, and while I was investigating mollyform, some of which I accidentally swallowed, and thereupon experienced strange and hitherto wholly unknown feelings, which caused me to invent loudly and spontaneously a succession of gibes, all of which are noted in my laboratory sketch-book, (vol. 165,432,) with explanatory diagrams. As the electrical examiner in the Patent Office is provided with a photolithographic reproduction of my sketch-book, which he keeps at his elbow, I don't see how this patent came to be granted, and I propose to have interference proceedings with the pirate Lum at once.

Yours,

HEADY SUN.

"THERE 's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip"—
How oft has this saying proved true?
Now Logan and Blaine
Will prove it again,
And the ides of November they 'll rue.
W. W.

FORGOTTEN HEROS.

The project of providing a national pasture for the horses of the Civil War will probably be considered by them at their reunion in September. The meeting will cause a partial suspension of surface travel in New York for several days. The city ambulance-horses will be delegates; the Broadway stage-horses have promised to attend; and, if veterans of the Mexican War are admitted, nearly all the cab-horses in town will be present, wearing badges and carrying a banner.

It has been decided to admit the war-mules to the gathering, and very many are expected, as only three have died since the war closed. The three were killed by lightning in a storm near Moberly, Missouri.

A mule that was in the Revolutionary War has written that he will attend, if he sufficiently recovers from a cold to permit his leaving home, and will bring with him several young mules of the War of 1812. When the Rebellion began many mules were exempt, being over forty-five years old. They went, nevertheless.

A Union mule lately offered to a Republican "campaign club" a record of his patriotism. It was:

Marched.....	3,400 miles.
Struck by shells.....	4 times.
Shot through by bullets.....	19 "
Sworn at { In front of Vicksburgh.....	2,428 "
{ On Sherman's March.....	8,972 "
{ At Atlanta.....	2,827 "
Blown up in a fort.....	twice.
Battles engaged in.....	20
Brought up the whiskey in critical emergencies.....	25 times.
Gained during the war 95 pounds. Am now 64 years old, and enjoying good health.	

This is an example of the patriotism of the army-mules.

A few surviving horses of the war yet work on quiet farms. The gentle creatures have long buried the differences of the past. In Michigan a Union soldier with a cork leg plows behind a Southern artillery-horse. A cannon-ball took off the veteran's leg. The horse belonged to the Confederate battery that fired the shot. Horse and man are fast friends.

In Eastern Tennessee one of the army-horses of the Christian soldier, General O. O. Howard, carries whiskey through the mountains for one of Morgan's guerrillas, who is now a "moonshiner." Now the Pennsylvania farmers ride Stuart's cavalry-horses to town with butter and eggs, and Kilpatrick's chargers still carry off five-dollar purses in running-races at the Southern country fairs.

This convention Summer it will be pleasant to turn from noisy political gatherings to a meeting guided by horse-sense; to see horses in running debate, or to hear them, upon the making of a bad nomination or an absurd resolution, vote haughtily "neigh"; to watch them gather around their bivouac-fires at night and tell stories to make a horse laugh; to observe some gray charger that still feels young play the horse-fiddle, while a few army-mules form cotillions and dance.

It has been urged by the more extreme Democrats that if a national pasture be provided for war-horses, many horses that have broken their legs in circuses will try to obtain admission to it; that horses which have become broken-winded in four-minute trots at country agricultural fairs will seek to enjoy its advantages, and that gypsy horses which have contracted rheumatism sleeping outdoors will endeavor to foist themselves upon the national charity. Again, it is said that nine-tenths of the horses of the war are dead. This is true. Many of them have been dead twenty years, for their bones lie on the battle-fields.

In the books you read that at a critical moment in the battle General Peacockfeather

brought up the artillery and saved the day. Had you been there, you would have seen the horses charge into the fire and smoke with the artillery; had you gone over the field after the battle, you would have seen their bodies piled about the cannon. The horses that loved the martial music, and joyed in the excitement of battle, went from the great marches and the grand victories to the coal-mines and the street-railways.

At the close of the war they were mustered into no green pasture. The wounded and disabled horses were taken out and shot. Let us be glad with all the old military car-horses that to-day beat a tattoo on the Third Avenue cobble-stones. They are going to have a reunion!

L. H. TUPPER.

"How DID they come to call you the Plumed Knight?" asked a youngster of Mr. Blaine.

"Navarre—" said Mr. Blaine, when the youngster screamed:

"What, Navarre?"

And Mr. Blaine was sunstruck before he could castigate the Pinaforic offender.

FROM MY WINDOW.

I look down from my window,
Where softly to and fro
Wave the slim gold-hearted daisies,
With fingers white as snow.

They nod to the creamy clover
That 's blowing all about,
And they look like little pin-wheels,
For the fire-flies are out.

I watch in the quiet moonlight,
And fancy my vision greets,
Lying among those daisies,
The airy ghost of Keats.

I fancy I see him lying,
Feasting his joyous eyes
Upon those meadow fairies,
As though in Paradise.

In the morning I see the spirit
Of Keats; and it, alas!
Is naught in the world, dear reader,
But a night-gown on the grass.

FREDDY'S SLATE

AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyorkjouliwun

dear puck

i am letten you Inn two A cecret this weak
an i Do nott wanter hav you Giv it a weigh

it has bin givin a weigh enuff orlredy
i toled you befour A bout my joinen A cecret

sasiety it was A goud cecret sasiety butt it
diddent last Long it kinder busted up jim jon-
son got wormed by his dad Wen he found it
Owt

then jim jonson coudent take the chaire att
the meatens

sow wen that sasiety busted We went an or-
giniced a nuther we orginiced the gesse games
gang of A venchers we wormed Two a vench
ouerelves on the dudes

jim jonson was grate cheaf with Wun hun-
dred scalpes an i was litl cheaf with the busted
tomohock.

it was bos goud fun Wile it lastid butt it did
Nott lastt sow long as It mite hav

we had rades Moast evrey nite we liked lots
Of boys butt we diddent cum A crors eney
dudes sow we hatter stabb a boy he holered
reel wild

it was lik Fiten injens

it was lik Fiten injens till the cop caim An
cort us an took us orf Two jale an loct us Up
over nite

in the mornen gudje moore let us orf over
the lefft

this is the frod i wornt two hav you sho Up
he diddent cend us to prissen be cors we wer
so Yung butt he fixd it with Ouer fokes sose
we orl gott liked gudje moore neadent to hav
fixd things with my popp he wormd me for
himself he dident nead to be in curridged

if you can sho this frod Up with out givin it
a weigh i shoud lik Two hav you doo it

the dude is a goen un skathed as the pirut
Ses in the carver of the carribene see wile i am
geten wormed an it Is jest tuf on one to here
fokes Goen a roun sayen how verrey kind gudje
moore is

he was jes twenticeven lickens kind to ouer
sasiety

youers soar

freddy

p s cen bac my slaight with know crax In it
i can nott aford eney moar wormens

MISS MAUD MONTMORENCY.

THE UNRIVALED SERIO-COMIC CANTATRICE AND NEW YORK NIGHTINGALE

IN HER NEW SERIES OF CAMPAIGN BALLADS.

No. II.—THE DEATH-SONG OF THE G. O. P.

Allegro ma come frigido giorno.

I have been sev'ral years in condition for death;
I am soft in my brain, I am short in my breath;
I am braced with assessments, and stiffened with bribes,
And the state of my health no description describes—
Why I *should* want to live it's not easy to tell—
But in other respects I am doing quite well.

The friends that I had, they were faithful and dear;
But the best of the lot promenaded on their ear—
On that organ they march, independent and swell—
But in other respects they are doing quite well.

My candidate's record is awfully queer;
Only he and the Devil can make it quite clear.
And I wish he'd ne'er studied to cipher and spell—
For in sev'ral respects he has done too—too*—well.

CHORUS [OF HENCHMEN].

When a candidate's record chips out of its shell—
Why, it's safe to assume he is doing *too* well.

* *Ad lib.*

WATER.

In this world there are many kinds of water; but we must say in advance that we are not about to preach a temperance sermon. As there are many kinds, it is difficult to say which we like best.

At a Summer-hotel we prefer ice-water, owing, in all probability, to the fact that ice-water is not to be had at a Summer-hotel. When we shave we prefer hot water, because none has been boiled. In the Winter, when the thermometer is down below zero, and a hot bath is about the greatest luxury one can think of, the pipes are frozen.

The only reason that pipes do not freeze during the heated term is to prevent the plumber from reaping the harvest that belongs to the Summer-resort hackman.

Now we will proceed to speak of water as a beverage, if it may be classed under that head.

You go along a dusty country road on a scorching hot day in the middle of August, with your shoes full of dust, and your socks hanging down over your ankles, and after awhile you begin to get thirsty. You continue to walk along the winding road, and hope that every bend you turn will bring to view a farm-house, where you may get a drink of water, even if you have to take milk to get it.

And after you have walked between the rustling wheat-fields until your throat is dry enough to warp, and have seen enough cloud-ships to last you the rest of your life, you arrive at a farm-house, and walk right in without first learning if there is a dog around.

And when the conventional Phyllis comes to the door, and looks at you as though to satisfy herself which side-show you escaped from, you tell her you want a drink, and she brings out a tin dipper and kindly tells you you may help yourself to the well.

And you do. You drink as though you own the well, and don't intend to leave any water for the farmer. And, ah! what a cool, delicious, sparkling draught! The pure nectar of the earth. Fit for the gods. Is there a sweeter drink on earth? There is. Beer.

And when you walk through the fragrant shady wood, where the cat-bird sings in the dog-wood hard by, mark you how tinkling is the plashing Spring. It makes you as thirsty to listen to its gentle purl as the fizz of the drug-store soda-water fountain does a languishing little damsel of eighteen. And you try to take a drink out of it. You have no drinking-vessel, so you lie flat on the ground, and spoil your white vest, and look over the edge into the water, which, of course, you cannot reach with your mouth without running the risk of falling in. And as you lie there and drink out of your hand, the cat-birds flutter about and squawk in derision, and the tree-toad laughs so hard that he loses his grip, and, falling off a high limb, strikes the water and splashes it in your face. And as each mouthful refreshes you, you think how much you would give to be transported to some first-class bar-room for just about five minutes.

Then there is another kind of water! That which you find in a boarding-house pitcher. They put in fresh water every time the pitcher is empty. If you want fresh water every day, empty the pitcher before you leave. This water is delicious at about three o'clock in the morning, after you have had a ham-dinner. You get up and take hold of the pitcher, and tip it up until you are afraid of falling over on your head, or breaking the bottom of the pitcher on the ceiling. This is because there is only a gill of water in it. The water is just about lukewarm, and full of lint and stuff; but it is good—oh, so good! and you know only one thing better, and that is the brandy-and-soda you are going to purchase just as soon as the stars go out and the earliest hotel opens.

R. K. M.

It is an ill wind that blows no one good. There is some consolation in the fact that the boy who has a hand blown off on the Fourth of July can never play the accordeon or cornet when he grows up. And during the remainder of his boy- or rather Arab-hood, it will be impossible for him to make your blood run cold by blowing a piece of ribbon-grass between the thumbs.

Answers for the Aurious.

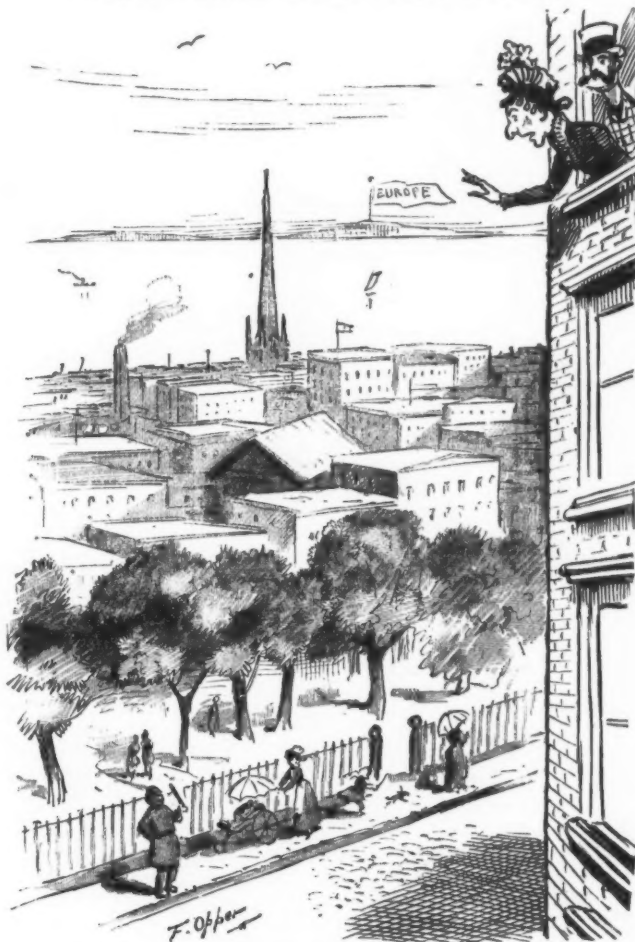
AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We will attend to it.

H. C. W., Kansas City.—Too late for insertion this week. But next week we will make room for you if we have to cut a hole in the advertising columns. To a question such as you ask we are always happy to devote any amount of space and time. In this case there will be no trouble.

W. OGILVIE.—Oh, come, now, do we look like a gazetteer? Or do you take us for the man up at the Grand Central Dépôt who answers questions for a living? Did you ever see an encyclopædia with rainbow cartoons and a goat? Go away, Ogilvie, butt your head against the Palisades, and ask of the wild wind where Kutákhátayá the Tiger-Slayer hung out when he was alive.

JOCASTA.—Go back to the Addisonian period. That's where you belong. Why did you ever come out of it into the rude glare of the nineteenth century? Why, just so sure as we published that poem—if we ever were to publish it—just so sure as we published that poem, Jocasta, you would have some great, unselfish, noble-hearted, philanthropic citizen after you with a base-ball bat, and we should be sitting on the fence inciting him to gore.

WHAT MORE DOES SHE WANT?

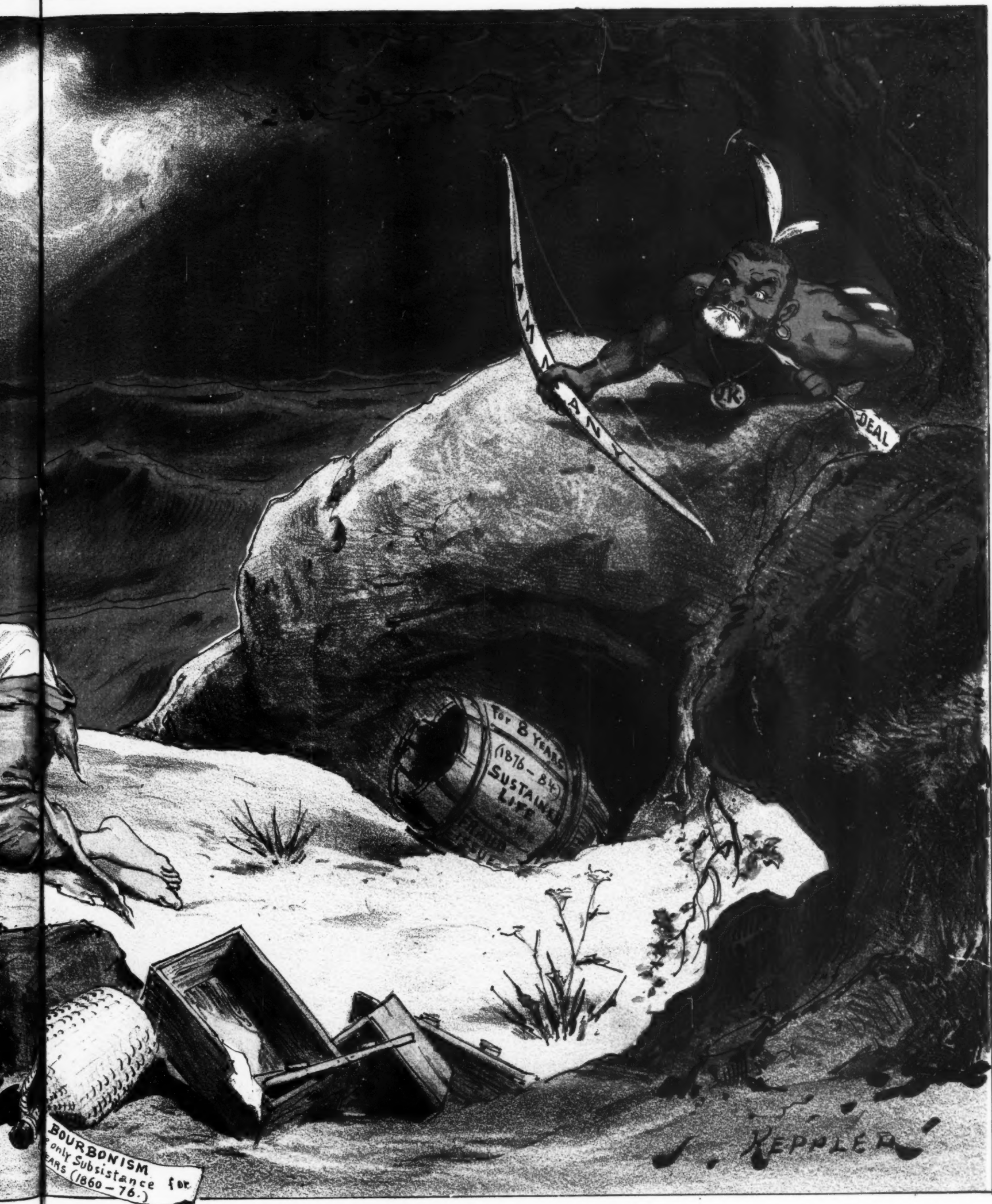


MOTHER-IN-LAW.—"This house has no fire-escapes."

SON-IN-LAW.—"I paid more rent for your rooms on that account. You know you are an advocate of cremation."



P U K.



AIL A SAIL!!"

PLUMBERS' STRIKE SKETCHES.



A WASTED KICK. MASTER PLUMBER.—"Oh, yes, any journeyman can make the holes; but it takes intellect and education to make out a bill like *that*."

WHAT HE WANTED.

A rather grizzly-looking individual walked up the path-way; but before he reached the stoop the lady, who happened to see him, said:

"We have no cold victuals to-day."

"I don't want nuthin' to eat," replied the tramp.

"We don't want the grass cut."

"I don't want to cut the grass," responded His Trampship.

"And we don't want the garden weeded, either."

"Nobody wants to weed your garden," replied the tramp, as he leaned against a tree and made a calm survey of the place: "But I'll tell you what I would like."

"What?" asked the lady.

"Well, you see, we are going to have a thunder-storm. Mark yonder purple sky."

The lady marked it, and said:

"What of it?"

"A great deal," replied the tramp: "a great deal. I have a natural fear of lightning—I may say a hereditary fear—and when a storm is raging I am very sore distressed and undone. Do you think that the storm is about to spend its awe-inspiring fury in a minute?"

"I do."

"Then, most estimable lady, I wish you would grant the request I come to ask."

"What is it?"

"That you will permit me to step up-stairs and lie down on the feather-bed for an hour or two, to escape the forked tongue of the fiery demon. The feather being a non-conductor—"

But he was cut short by the lady, who subjoined the mastiff to banquet on his neck.

FREE LUNCH.

OUT IN THE COLD—The Polar-Bear.

"A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE"—The Bunco-Steerer.

THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR—The Farmer's Daughter.

AFTER THE November battle the white plume will do first-rate to clean lamp-chimneys.

SEVENTY THOUSAND people visit the Catskills yearly, and it is estimated that they consume leathery beef-steaks enough to cover all the base-balls in the Union, and to sole the brogans of the whole number of 'longshoremen in this State.

TWO CINCINNATI Democratic delegates have been locked up for fighting. Perhaps it would be as well to hold the Convention in a jail. The restrictions of the institution might prevent the Democratic Party from making a fool of itself for once.

AT FIRST the base-ball catcher wore a wire mask to protect his face, and now, like a professional poet, he wears a padded vest to protect his body. We shall not be at all surprised if within a year or so he will wear a suit of armor, and walk on the field like Richard the Third. Then, when the season is over, the catcher might be allowed to retain his armor, so that it would not be necessary to purchase any clothing during the Winter.

TWO BANK-PRESIDENTS, two receiving-tellers, four bank-cashiers, a county treasurer and a city auditor constitute the aristocracy of the State's-Prison at Trenton, New Jersey. And the bank-presidents, each of whom has got away with his million, just tolerate the receiving-tellers, who were moderate in their appropriations, and look with ill-disguised disdain on the city auditor, who was narrow-minded and small in his dealings, only managing to corral some ten thousand dollars or so.

THE DAY upon which a dog is the most humble, woe-begone and terror-stricken is his first Fourth of July. The noise of pistols and fire-crackers keeps him in a state of continual suspense, which ripens into suspicion, and lasts for a couple of weeks after our great legal holiday. As soon as you speak affectionately to the dog, he turns around and shoots under the barn; or else runs down into the cellar and goes to sleep on the coal, if he is black, that he may not be seen. And there he contracts himself into a ball, and all his muscles tremble, and he can't raise his tail as high as his spine to save his life. His ears hang down, and his teeth chatter as though a chill has taken possession of him. Every bang wakes fresh consternation in his breast, and makes him think the Fourth of July a day set apart for his special destruction. In short, the dog's Fourth is just the opposite of the boy's.

See If You Can Make Any Change Out of That!

PUCK IN 1880.

"The next largest delegate-owner is James G. Blaine, a tricky politician, of fishy character."—PUCK, *June 2nd, 1880.*

PUCK IN 1884.

"A man whose nomination is an insult to the country, whose election would be an ineradicable disgrace."—PUCK, *June 11th, 1884.*

PROPER NOMENCLATURE.

The friends of Mr. John A. Logan make excuses for his imperfect knowledge of English, on the ground that he has devoted most of his spare time to the study of French and Latin. Mr. Logan is not alone in neglecting his mother-tongue; there are many others who do it, and yet do not use a foreign language, but show their fondness for words and expressions that fail to make their meaning clear.

Everybody knows what a dog is. When the word is mentioned it conveys a distinct idea. When a person says dog he does not mean a horse, a cow, or an elephant. Then why should it be called a canine? Canine does not mean a dog, but simply something having the properties or qualities of the dog. And yet most people think it has a fine scientific smack about it, and that it is an evidence of liberal education to use it.

It is the same with our friend the cat. The cat is not an unfamiliar beast. It belongs to the *genus felis*, as do many other animals. The definition of feline is, pertaining to cats; not cat-like; not cat. So, when we read in the newspapers that "a number of felines were seen on the back fence," we can know only what animals they are from the country in which the information happens to be published. Felines might be lions, panthers, tigers, jaguars or similar animals.

Some people know what an inn is, and still more are not unacquainted with a hotel. Either of these words ought to be sufficient to convey to the mind of the average man that they mean buildings in which to lodge. But, somehow or other, they are not sufficient for him. He must needs talk of a caravansary. Now, an inn or a hotel is not a caravansary, which is a peculiarly Eastern arrangement, and has nothing in common with our hotel. It is simply a building where caravans rest at night, with a court in the middle. Just as appropriate would it be to call a hotel a prairie or a tent, because travelers sometimes happen to rest in a tent or on a prairie.

To carry out this principle of calling things by their wrong names, it would be, in future, just as well to speak of a whale as a balæna, of a horse as an equine, of an eagle as an aquiline, of a fly as a muscine, and of an elephant as an elephantine.

YOU ARE going out of the city for the Fourth, are you? Yes, and so is all the world and his wife and his small boys and their fire-crackers. And the wise city man stays in a hammock on his own back-stoop, and swings his socks in shade and silence.

THE LOST BUTTON-HOLE.

A few mornings ago Enos Henn was whistling an air from "Carmen," to the accompaniment of the robins who trilled upon the dewy lawn, and the bee who was already buzzing around the honeysuckles on the porch.

He was a happy man. And the brightness of the morning and the savory fumes of a delicious auroral meal made his heart as light as the rose that had just burst into bloom in the garden below. But suddenly this spirit of contentment was dispelled. A cloud had trespassed between Enos Henn and the sun. He had just got his shirt over his head; but he couldn't find the front collar-button to save his life.

Then Mrs. Henn said:

"That collar-button was in the button-hole last night, because I noticed it when you threw your shirt on the rocking-chair."

"Then, my dear," responded Mr. Henn: "I must make a careful search for the button-hole.

When the horse is in the stable, it is only necessary to find the stable to secure the horse. Therefore I shall be a philosopher, and search for the button-hole which is lost, and not trouble myself about the button."

So Mr. Henn commenced patting his chest and legs in the most careful manner.

"What are you doing?" inquired Mrs. Henn.

"Looking for that button-hole," he replied: "I have an idea that it may have fallen down my neck and gradually worked into my shoes. So long as the collar-button is in the button-hole I am going to look for the latter, because I well know it is impossible to find a collar-button, and furthermore, I am going to look for the button-hole in the same manner that I would look for the button."

So Mr. Henn removed his shoes and hit them against the window-sill, to make sure that the button-hole was not in either of them. Being assured of this important fact, he commenced a careful search on the mantel-piece and be-

hind the clock and vases, thinking that his wife might have picked it up and put it there by mistake. But still no button-hole turned up, and the face of Mr. Henn was long and dismal in spite of the love-songs of the birds without.

"I must find that button-hole, or I shall miss the train and get to the office late."

"Perhaps it has dropped on the carpet and rolled across the room," suggested Mrs. Henn.

"Very likely you are right," replied Mr. Henn, as he threw his suspenders over his shoulders with one hand and selected a standing-collar with the other, while he gazed steadfastly at the carpet. But he didn't discover the button-hole.

"I think I know where it is," said Mr. Henn, with a sweet smile that made him appear the personification of a soft, balmy June morning.

"Where?" inquired Mrs. Henn.

"Under the bureau," responded her husband: "I believe that it has rolled under there, and is down in some murky knot-hole, coquetting with the collar-button; or else it has settled in the crack nearest the wall, and—"

"If you would get a new carpet, instead of holding on to one that is ragged enough to allow any stray button-hole to slip through it into a crack, you would never lose your button-hole. We have had this carpet seventeen years—"

But, losing sight of her husband, she paused a moment, and then asked:

"Where are you, Enos?"

"Right here!"

Mrs. Henn sat up in bed and looked over the foot-board, only to see her husband on all fours, with his nose pressed so close against the floor that it looked like a tea-biscuit.

"What are you doing, Enos?"

"Looking under there for that blamed old button-hole!"

And then Mrs. Henn burst into a long, loud laugh that frightened the bees and humming-birds out of the honeysuckles, and caused the robins to pause in their love-songs and fly across the lawn and over into the meadow.

"What are you laughing at, Maria?"

"At you," she replied, as she burst into a still louder laugh: "Do you want to know where you lost that button-hole?"

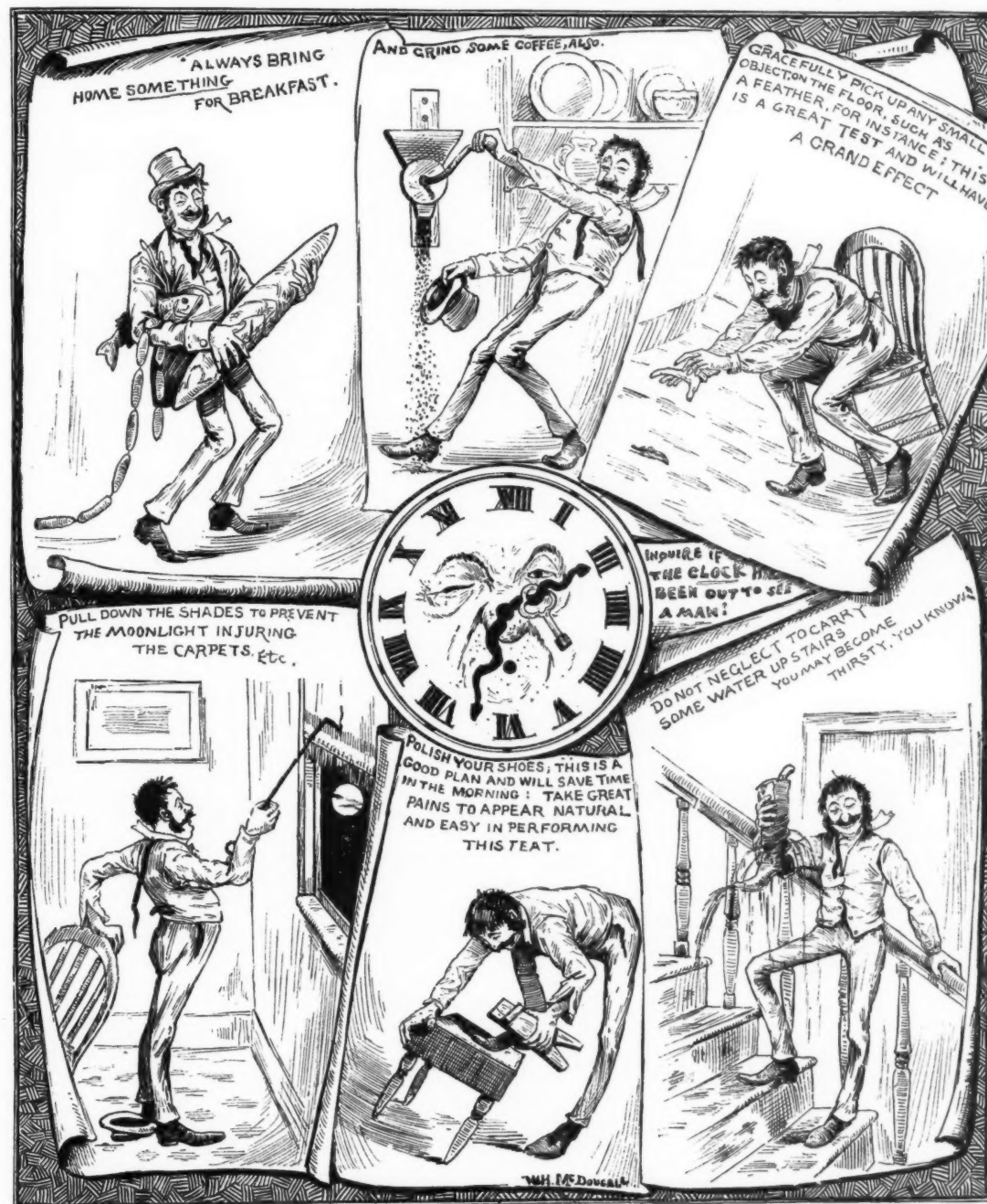
"Yes," he said, as he got upon his feet and looked cheap and crestfallen in advance.

"Well, you have lost it right around your neck, for in putting on the shirt you ran your head through the button-hole instead of through the cranial aperture."

As she lay back and laughed he found the button-hole, and in the dance that signaled his intense mortification he lost his balance by jamming into his heel the collar-button that had all the time been secreted in one of his socks. And then he mumbled something about the importance of having a clause added to the marriage ceremony which would make it obligatory for the wife to keep the button-holes in her husband's shirts smaller than a doorway.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

USEFUL AND INTERESTING.



HOW TO CONVINCE YOUR WIFE OF YOUR ENTIRE AND PERFECT SOBRIETY WHEN YOU COME HOME LATE FROM THE MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

"BOYCOTTING" THE UNBOYCOTTABLE.



This is the Meeting that Wanted to Boycott PUCK.



This is a Boy Who Dropped in on the Meeting.

This is the Combination. [Stock of PUCKS Exhausted in 1.33 $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, beating the Record.]

THE LINGERING GOOD-BY.

It is astonishing how long it takes two women to take leave of each other. A man, as a rule, unless he is of a feminine disposition, will get through his call, transact his business, and then leave. A woman does nothing of the sort. She visits a friend, and something very much like the following takes place:

"Can't wait a minute," says she, as she sits in the hall after the servant has opened the door and let her in: "Ah, Jennie," she observes, when her friend heaves in sight: "just looked in to see how you were. Can't stay any time at all. I have to do no end of shopping; besides, I have to buy gloves and suspenders for Jim. Then I must go to market and look up a new dress-maker. Good-by! How are the children? How's your husband? When are you coming to see us? Good-by! The Smith children are down with the measles. Better not go near the house. I really must go."

She gets half-way down the stoop, and is called back by her friend.

"You didn't see my new blue silk?" the mistress of the habitation asks.

"No!" exclaims the departing visitor: "Oh, how lovely! Do show it me! But I positively can't stay long."

Then both of them go up-stairs, and the new blue fabric is produced. Half an hour is spent in the inspection, although the owner has already devoted equivalent to every minute of forty-eight hours to its contemplation. But she finds much more to say, now that there is somebody to discuss the matter with her.

That blue silk dress is looked at from every point of view. It is taken in the dark, it is held in half-a-dozen kinds of light. It is felt in each square inch. It is sat upon, it is pulled, folded, pleated, thrown over the shoulders, and subjected to all manner of tests.

Now the visitor looks at her watch.

"Dear me," she remarks, with much perturbation: "I had no idea I had stayed so long. I shall never get through. Come, kiss me good-by."

Once more she starts to go, and has almost reached the street when she exclaims:

"Oh, dear, what has become of my purse? I must have lost it."

Of course she returns to look for it. It is a warm day, and both ladies exhaust themselves in prosecuting the search. They leave no chair unturned in their efforts to find the missing article. They get under the beds, rummage through all the closets, shake the piece of blue silk, which comes in for an additional share of admiration, go into every part of the house where they have and have not been, without any result.

Suddenly the visitor stops, and says:

"How very silly of me. My purse is in my pocket, after all."

And she then succeeds in getting away, but not until another ten minutes' buzzing has been indulged in. The lingering good-by is not confined to women. -Many men exhibit the same peculiarity.

The fiend who just peeps into your office through the door, and says he has just called for a minute, stays exactly one hour and a half, and by his interruption prevents your doing two hundred and seventy-five dollars' worth of work. He is the man who is always on the point of going every few seconds, is in a great hurry, but yet finds time to express his views on an abnormal variety of subjects.

MARJORIE'S KISSES.

Marjorie laughs and climbs on my knee,
And I kiss her, and she kisses me.
I kiss her, but I don't much care,
Because, although she is charming and fair,
Marjorie's only three.

But there will come a time, I ween,
When, if I tell her of this little scene,
She will smile and prettily blush, and then
I shall long in vain to kiss her again,
When Marjorie's seventeen.

—Walter Learned, in the July Century.

SAD are the offices of organship. Our distressed contemporary the *Press*, in order to blunt the attacks of PUCK upon Mr. Blaine in 1884, quotes PUCK of 1881 as follows:

"If brains ever made a man President of the United States, brains will make Mr. Blaine President. He has set his heart upon that dignity, and nothing but death, a miracle or a sun-stroke will keep him from it."

But pursuing the subject of its discourse, in the same article from which the *Press* quotes, PUCK in 1881 said:

"We see corruption and mismanagement in office all about us; we find these things accepted as matters of course, winked at, laughed at and overlooked. And we submit to it all. Is it not a disgrace, indeed, that we should talk about electing to the highest office in the nation a man of whom an honest, unprejudiced and unbiassed journal has to say that, although he is clever and strong, 'he has not an absolutely unblemished record'?"

PUCK appeared to understand the quality of the Republican Party in 1881 sufficiently well to consider Mr. Blaine's nomination in 1884 a very possible thing. But it took no more stock in that tricky politician then than it does now. —Philadelphia Record.

"ARE you not afraid of the snakes?" a *Hawkeye* reporter asked Nala Damajante, the Hindoo snake-charmer with Forepaugh's circus: "Are you not afraid the great anacondas may some time crush you in their powerful folds?"

And the tender-hearted reporter shuddered as he thought of the picture in the school geography of a snake eleven feet long crushing a full-grown elephant into a pulpy mass of bone-dust and mince-meat, preparatory to ringing up the dinner-act in the prodigal son drama.

"Afraid of being squeezed to death?" said Nala Damajante, scornfully: "La, no! I lived in Connecticut all my life, and our pastor—his wife wasn't congenial, you know, and he was one of these old bald-headed boys who are always yearning for an affinity and all that sort of thing—oh, my! he could just give a python points on squeezing!"

And she wrapped a twenty-three-foot python about her waist, and as the enormous snake caught on and shut up until its eyes stood out like sleeve-buttons, and its tail was set as rigid as a poker with the immense strain, Nala Damajante half closed her eyes, leaned back her head, and said dreamily:

"Tighter, you lude; brace up and take hold of me, can't you?"—Burlington Hawkeye.

"SPEAKING of the sagacity of animals," said Mr. Marrowfat: "I never thought that our dog Bruno had much intelligence until last Sunday, when he followed us to church and slipped unobserved into the pew."

"I should rather accept that as an evidence of his piety," interrupted the visitor: "What proof did he give of his sagacity?"

"Why, he slept during the whole sermon." —Brooklyn Eagle.

—You who enjoy a pipe or cigarette cannot appreciate the luxury fully till you try a package of Blackwell's Durham Long Cut. Don't be put out if you don't get it the first time you call at your tobacconist's. He will get it for you, if there is any life in him. The peculiar excellence of the Durham tobacco, and this brand in particular, is so well established among all appreciative smokers, that a tobacconist must be regarded as quite out of date who don't provide his customers with it.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA.
When she was a Ch. Id., she cried for CASTORIA.
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA.
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Numbers 6, 9, 10, 16, 25, 26, 33, 38, 45, 46, 50, 53, 54, 56, 60, 62, 77, 79, 84, 85, 87, 88, 108, 109, 122 and 141 of English PUCK will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy.

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THE KIND OLD MAN.

The kind old man—the mild old man—
Who smiled on the boys at play,
Dreaming, perchance, of his own glad youth,
When he was as blithe and gay.

And the larger urchin tossed the ball,
And the lesser held the bat—
Though the kindly old man's eyes were blurred,
He could even notice that.

But suddenly he was shocked to hear
Words that I dare not write,
And he hastened, in his kindly way,
To curb them as he might.

And he said: "Tut, tut! you naughty boy
With the ball! for shame!" and then—
"You boy with the bat, whack him over the
head

If he calls you that again!"

The kind old man—the mild old man—
Who gazed at the boys at play,
Dreaming, perchance, of his own wild youth,
When he was as tough as they.

—J. W. Raley, in *Puck*.

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has agitated the women of our country since
the first blast of freedom swept over this land?"
screams Lillie Devereux Blake. If you want
our candid opinion, Lil, we should say it was
whether they shall wear a jersey or a Mother
Hubbard.—*Bradford Mail*.

Time is money; but it is not the kind of
money one ought to spend in bar-rooms, and
it is not the kind the bar-keeper wants.—*New
Orleans Picayune*.

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Lissen ter de p'litical ho'n;
But it 'll be mighty late when he 's tuck in out
de rain,

Lissen ter de p'litical ho'n.

De nigger 's mighty tired o' bein' druv' like er
hoss,

Lissen ter de p'litical ho'n;

An' is somewhat keen fur ter be his own boss,
Lissen ter de p'litical ho'n.

An' er fling up yer hat an' er sing
halleluyer,

Lif' up yer mouf wid er mighty
loud shout,

Better look out fur de win' whar it
blew yer—

Gwine fur ter dribe dem poller-
ticians out.

Mr. Clayton made er pint 'case he got but one
arm,

Lissen ter de p'litical ho'n;

He los' it out yander on a Prairie country farrn,
Lissen ter de p'litical ho'n.

An' da wrote de platform whut de country was
ter 'ceibe,

Lissen ter de p'litical ho'n,

On de inside linin' o' Clayton's em'ty sleebe,
Lissen ter de p'litical ho'n.

An' er fling up yer hat an' er sing
halleluyer,

Lif' up yer mouf wid er mighty
loud shout,

Better look out fur de win' whar it
blew yer—

Gwine fur ter dribe dem poller-
ticians out.

—Arkansaw Traveler.

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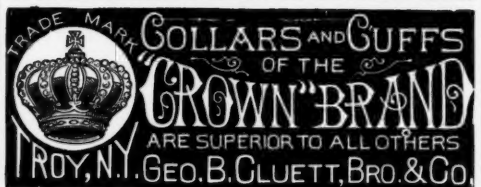
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To-day! We stand on the threshold! We
stand there! Waiting! To be asked in. Life!
Is a river! We meet it boldly. Hope, courage
and high purpose thrill our hearts! We can not
tear aside the veil that hides the future from
our view. The future! Is before us. The past!
Is behind us. The present, however, stays right
by us. We do not fear it. We press bravely
on. Onward and upward! The hour strikes
the noontide of the world. With resolute hand
we grasp the shadows on the dial. Behind us
is the school. A long way behind us, the most
of it. Before us lies the world. We accept it.
Grave are the responsibilities of the trust.
Life-long will be the labor of reform. We have
put our hands to the plow, and we will never
look back until we get to Canada. As the years
roll on—which they will probably do—we will
never forget our alma mater; but we will shake
things up on the street ourselves, and if there is
any re-hypothecating to be done, inquire within.
Hoc tempore, the world is in bad form. Vice
rules the world. *Bonos viros* take back seats in
the convention. Lupus sits in the high places
and judges the people in the gates, while Agnus
ekes out a precarious existence in the wool busi-
ness. Our rulers wallow in vice. The temples
of commerce are as dens of thieves. Mistrust,
guilt and suspicion stalk through the land, *nudus*
membra. All this has come to pass while we
were at college. But we will reform all this sort
of thing now. Not this week, because this
week the gods look down from high Olympus
to see the boat-race. Next week the world
holds its breath while our base-ball match is
played; and the week after that the sun stands
still upon Gibeon and the moon in the Valley
of Ajalon, while we play the closing game of
lawn-tennis for the championship. But after
that we will mount our bicycles, and go forth
conquering and to conquer. Life! Is an ocean!
Let us, then, cleanse its Augean stables of this
blighting leprosy, and beard this lion in the
bud, and, in the gathering gloom which marks
the foot-prints of decay, throttle it in its cradle
ere yet its black wings shall strike its fangs
deep into the soil of American freedom, and
with a Judas kiss betray our fondest hopes and
brightest dreams into the sand-swept waste of
this sirocco-stricken maelstrom that yawns at
our feet, waiting for some self-sacrificing Curtius
to lay the ax at the root of this deadly Upas-
tree that shadows all the land with the lurid
light of its basilisk eye, which, syren-like, charms
with its delusive song, only to chill into pulse-
less stone with the Gorgon horror of its icy
blast!"—Robert J. Burdette, in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

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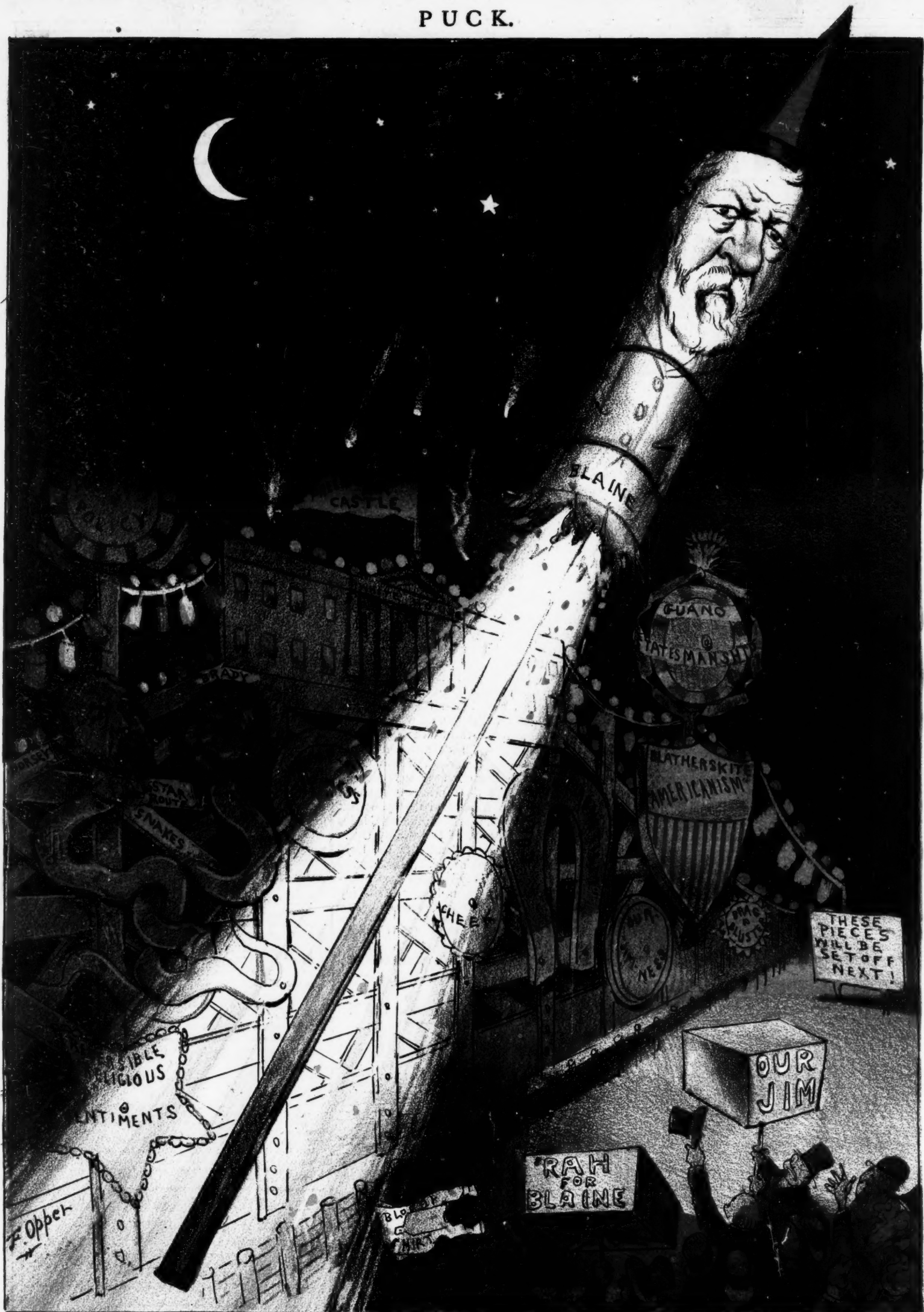
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